REMARKS

ON THE

SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. PILKINGTON,

WITH SOME

PARTICULARS

OF THAT

LADY'S LIFE

Which SHE has Omitted.

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.

Out of the Words of thy own Mouth will I condemn thee.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

REMARKS, &c.

IT is an old Saying, that a Woman may eaſily be Virtuous, who was never attacked, and by the ſame Rule, a Book may deceive the World for a while that has never been critically looked into; 'tis an unthankful Office, but, however, becauſe that Lady has a good deal of Vanity, joined to her other Impertinences, I think proper to lay before her ſome Objections I have to her Writings, and with all Humility intreat her Pardon.

To begin then with her Motto;

Curs'd be the Verſe how well ſo e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy Man my Foe;
Gives Vice a Sanction, Innocence a Fear,
Or from the pale-eyed Virgin draws a Tear.

With what Face ſhe can inſert this, and after ſcandalouſly vilify Perſons of undoubted Honour, Virtue and Probity, is to me unaccountable; but if we encourage ſuch Things publickly, and paſs unnoticed ſuch palpable Impudence, 'tis no wonder ſhe ſhould perſevere. However, as 'tis the Buſineſs of every juſt Man and good Chriſtian, as much as in him lies, to ſuppreſs ſuch Inſolencies, I, tho' quite impartial in the Affair, am reſolved, if poſſible, to open the Eyes of the Publick, and to ſhew how undeſerving ſhe is of the Favour ſhe has met with, not only as to her Behaviour as a Woman, but her Merit as a Writer.

As to the Motto. I think I have already proved that to be falſe, as ſhe has made no Ceremony of attacking even Perſons of Quality, and thoſe who have been remarkable good Chriſtians, the Rev. Dr. *O—ns* in particular, a Perſon of unſullied Reputation, and whoſe many Acts of Charity, have too ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed him for me to ſay any Thing to add to the good Repute he has already ſo deſervedly acquired.

I could mention many alſo, on whom ſhe has been laviſh in her Panegyrick, who are as unworthy of it as

ſhould be fond of any Perſon who prais'd him, as he had always met with the Contempt of the Poetick World, for his ſingular Dulneſs: —— And as ſhe declares herſelf, it was no Merit in him to pick the Noblemen's Pockets for Money for her, who had Honour and Honeſty enough never to return any thing for it; tho' ſhe declares at the End of her firſt Volume, "*That Mrs. Pilkington was never yet reduced to the Meanneſs of Falſhood or Tricking.*

Next ſhe brings Col. *Duncombe* on the Carpet, who was the moſt lewd, debauch'd, gaming, ſwearing, blaſphemous Wretch that lived; —— This was the Man ſhe wanted, her Pandour; I ſuppoſe he went ſnacks in the Profits of what ſhe got from the Noblemen, ſhe ſays herſelf, he brought to ſee her. 'Tis a likely Story, that People would give their Money to a young ſingle Woman, without asking a Favour —— but her Pen did all, her great and abundant Wit maintain'd her; if we believe this, we may, without Difficulty, ſwallow the Alcoran.

Next ſhe tells us, the Colonel hir'd her to write Love Letters to him; here is an evident Proof, of the Policy of this Female Scandal-monger; —— for, as ſhe had ſent many Letters to *White's*, which ſhe knew were ſeen by the Noblemen, leſt any of them ſhould mention this, in oppoſition to the Virtues ſhe lays claim to, why truly he paid her for Writing; and ſo I ſuppoſe did a certain Perſon, who has many of your amorous Epiſtles to produce. We are told that Col. *Duncombe* was a Man of a vaſt deal of Wit, of which we have no more Proof, than this, when the Noblemen banter'd him on his ſaying he kept her, — Ay return'd he, "*but you know I'm an old Lyar*; ſurpriſingly Witty this! I can hardly believe any one leſs than a *Shakeſpeare* could be capable of ſuch *Brevity of Stile*.

This is like a Play written by *Theobald*, which he wanted to paſs on the World for *Shakeſpeare's*, in which there was not one Word like his Stile but theſe,

"*And ſo Good-morrow to you good Mr. Lieutenant.*

This is a Remark of Mr. *Pope's*, which I don't want to paſs as mine.

Then

Then we are told, that she was sprinkling some Flower Pots, which stood on very broad Leads under the Window. — Great Consequence whether the Leads were broad or narrow. This is like Mrs. *Quickly* in *Shakespeare's Henry* the Fourth, speaking to Sir *John Falstaff*, "Thou didst swear to me upon the Parcel Gilt Goblet, sitting in the Dolphin Chamber at the Round Table, by a Sea-coal Fire, on Wednesday in Whitson Week, when the Prince broke thy Head for likening him to the singing Man of *Windsor*, &c.

So the Gentlemen for Fun drank to her, and she, always modest, sent to demand some Wine. Oh! I beg Pardon, the Colonel had more Wit, for when they bid him send all the Wine in the House, he said, that might injure her Health, but he sent her one Bottle of Burgundy to chear her Spirits; so she drank a Glass at the Window, and retir'd to drink the rest in private.

But the Colonel came and curs'd all the Royal Family, then shew'd all his Body, where he had many honourable Scars, and some I dare say he got fighting the Battles of Venus, then she ask'd him, if whether giving her a Bottle of Wine had vext him, — if whether — no, but he lack'd Preferment, and did not know any one who wou'd bear his Peevishness but her — then she makes answer from *Shakespeare* †, "If you were as Peevish as an Emperor, I'd bear it all." This we are to take for her own Wit.

So when the old Fellow had satisfied all his Passions, Lust, Drunkenness, Blasphemy, Treason, &c. he goes to procure the Duke of *M——h* for her; a lovely Gentleman! But oh her boasted Constancy forsook her; Oh she trembled, panted in all the yielding Extasies ever told in Romance, sunk into his Arms, and there thoroughly assured his Grace she had no more Constancy, Virtue, or Resolution. — Oh the melting Joys of mutual Love! but here again she leaves us in the Dark. His Grace had too much Honour to make any hard Conditions, and gave her fifty Pounds for nothing. I can't say but 'tis well turn'd enough; however, I wish

† See *Much a do about Nothing*. The Watchman says, If I were as tedious as an Emperor, &c.

wish she would publish a real History of herself under another Name, then we should have this as the imaginary one.

This quite reviv'd her—Faith I don't doubt it. Fifty Pounds, Youth, Beauty, Nobility of Birth, and unsought Generosity, to enjoy all that might give a greater Philosopher than her a Flow of Spirits; so they parted very well pleas'd, for on calling herself to account, she found in her ever tender, sympathetick, and let me add generous Heart, something very like Love had seiz'd it, but that wore off the next Man she saw, which was Mr. *Trevor*, Brother to the Duchess of *M*———.

The next Story is so trifling, that 'tis not worth remarking on.——The Colonel called her a merry Madcap; Oh surprising Wit! and yet,

Another Volume she intends to send us,
From which
Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!

I dare say, Madam, your second Volume has not sold so well, that you'll venture upon a third at least in this Kingdom. There's an old Proverb, a Pitcher never went so often to the Well but it came home broke at last; so though you have *kept* your Credit twice, the third time you will let us know, that you are not above *keeping* our Crown Pieces.

Therefore to avoid that, I would seriously advise the Lord Lieutenant, the Lords Justices, and all the People of Distinction in this Kingdom, not to trust you any more, least Experience too late should inform them, that all Sense of Honour is banish'd from thy breast.

N. B. I shall continue to publish this in Numbers, till I have got thro' the dirty Work, as I have undertaken it, and all I wish is, that those who have been weak enough to encourage her, may timely see the Folly of it, and if they have a mind to support the Woman do it — but not the Scandal, which ten is much to the Prejudice of good Conversation.

F I N I S.

This Week will be Published,

The *Lady's Lecture.* By *Colley Cibber,*